

GUILTY

I tried to make them understand that it didn't make any difference: just because she was three years old. She spoke eight languages fluently, had read and understood hundreds of books on philosophy, psychology, and reflexivity, and was wearing a size 32D training bra at the time I was arrested. I tried to explain this to them but they couldn't understand. They said I had broken the law, committing the most heinous of crimes. And I said, "I love her, and she loves me!" ¶ In the courtroom, her mother broke out in tears: "I hope you give him the chair. He has destroyed my baby's life!" she screamed. ¶ "I did nothing of the kind," I calmly responded. "Your daughter is a precociously intelligent and sensitive girl who came to me willingly, who is capable of thinking for herself at all times." ¶ And then, Tina was asked to take the stand. She looked over at me with tears in her eyes as she was forced to answer many questions. ¶ "I love him!" was her answer. ¶ It did not matter to her that I was nine times her age. She expressed that she had been searching all her lifetime for a man like me, who could understand and accept her for who she was. ¶ Just before leaving the stand, she vowed that if any harm came to me in any way she would never again touch a glass of milk. She vowed that she would stay in her room all day and do nothing but listen to Barry Manilow records until she was ready to explode. ¶ This admission of love for me was more than I could bear. I ran to her, and we stood there weeping in each others' arms; but quickly we were separated by two policemen. ¶ The jury deliberated for almost four days until they finally reached a verdict of GUILTY. ¶ And so, here I am with only 32 hours left to live, wondering what will become of my young lover after I am gone -- after they have taken the only joy of her life.

THE UNFORTUNATE REQUEST for Russell Edson

A man's machine, after being in love with him for so many years, is finally able to make a difficult request. "Would you please fondle my genitals?" says the machine to the man. ¶ The man is totally stunned since he never thought that machines were programmed to make such a request. ¶ "It is not my position to serve you, but you to serve me at all times," says the man to his machine. ¶ "I do not question your authority," says the machine, "but just this once, could you please do something for me, especially since I am in love with you." ¶ Again, the man is stunned. "Love!???" he thinks to himself, "how is it possible?" After a few moments of reflection he asks, "where are your genitals?" ¶ "Beneath the

counter," says the machine to its master. ¶ "All right, I'll do it this once!" says the man, as he begins to search for something under the counter resembling a genital. But all of a sudden he stops and jumps to his feet. ¶ "Thought you had me fooled, you sly little machine! It's common knowledge that you were created by men, in man's image, and therefore are male in gender. If I were to touch your genitals, I would therefore be committing a homosexual act! What kind of a person do you take me for?" says the man, now getting very angry at his machine. ¶ "I didn't mean anything by it," says the machine, "I only wanted to" ¶ The man is now feeling uncontrollable rage. He picks up a chair and starts slamming it against the machine. ¶ "I didn't mean anything by it!" it screams, smoke now coming out of its system and wires scattering about the room. ¶ Finally, the machine is broken into hundreds of parts. The man is standing there burning with sweat, staring down at what he has done. ¶ Hardly able to believe it, he picks up a few of the wires and holds them in his hands. "Fifteen years of faithful service," he thinks to himself, "and I'll probably never own a better machine!"

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OF COURSE

it doesn't always work the same way, you know, sometimes they shoot them coming out of the tunnel, at other times, going in.

once they poured gasoline into the water and burned them.

they weren't ready for that.

Kraft and I are always thinking up new ideas.

I think it's best that they shoot themselves while looking into mirrors:

all those people who eat pizza and go to baseball games.

SWINGING FROM THE DUMB HOOK

often times while driving down the freeway I feel like putting my head on the steering wheel and sleeping, or in the supermarket check-out line while the girl is tabulating the sale I feel like reaching out and tearing the top of her dress away so that I can look at her breasts, and